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Collected Memorials

OF

Mrs. Charles Ray Palmer,

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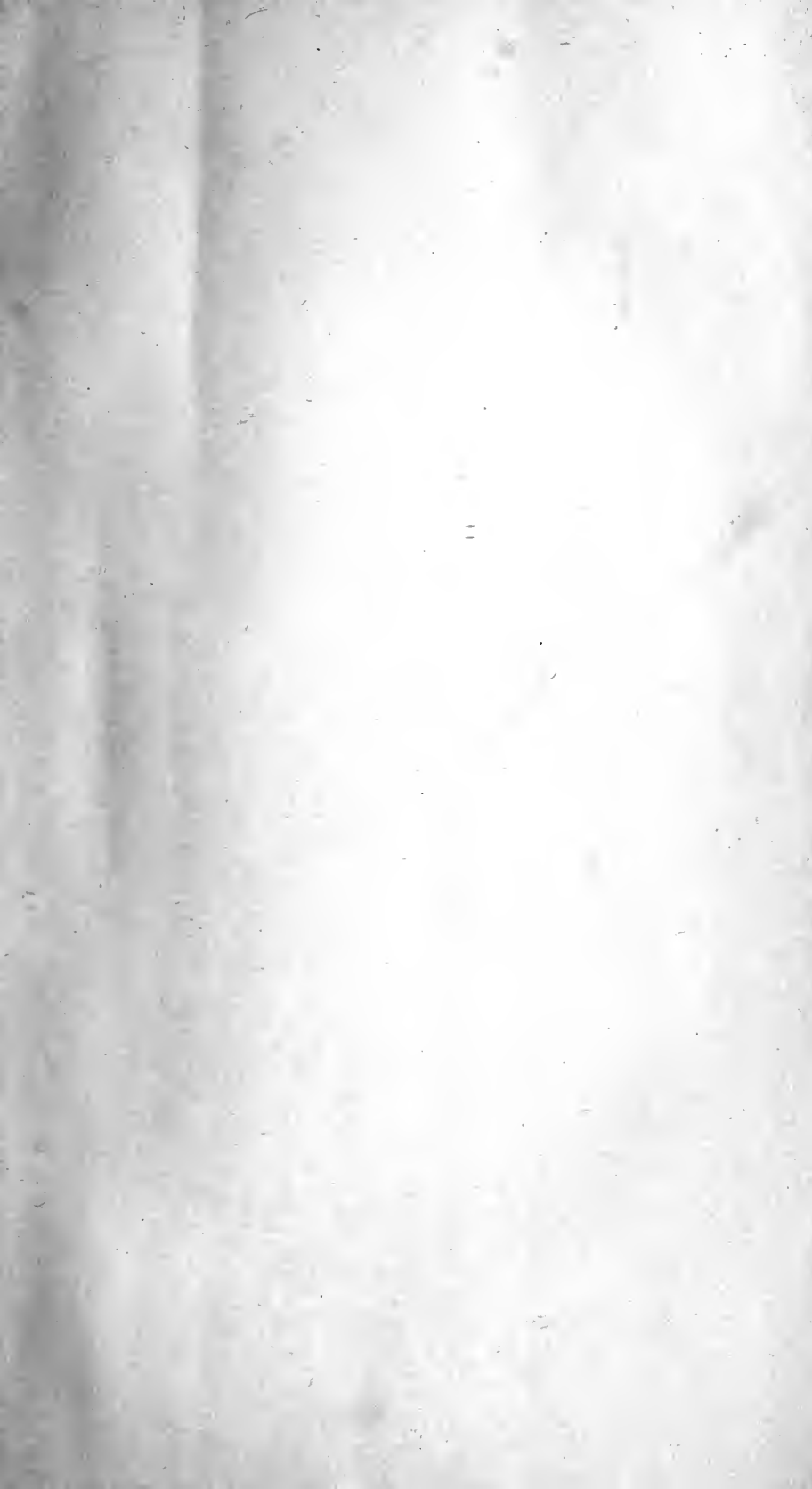
PRINTED FOR DISTRIBUTION AMONG HER FRIENDS.

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BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

1888.











Collected Memorials

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BRIDGEPORT, CONN.,

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## CALLED HOME,

April 24th, 1888, in the forty-fourth year of her age, from New York, whither she had gone eight days before, Mrs. Mary Barnes Palmer, the eldest daughter of Alfred S. Barnes, Esq., of Brooklyn, and the wife of Rev. Charles Ray Palmer, of Bridgeport, Conn.

Appropriate services of worship and of loving commemoration were performed on Friday the 27th, in the First Congregational Church in Bridgeport. At a later hour her remains were conveyed in a special car to Albany, N. Y., and in the morning of Saturday, they were laid to rest in the family lot of her husband, in the Rural Cemetery there.





## OBITUARY NOTICE.

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MRS. MARY BARNES PALMER.

[From the Bridgeport Standard of April 25th, 1888.]

As stated in the Standard last evening, a pall fell upon the community yesterday as the telegraph announced the death in New York of Mrs. Mary Barnes Palmer, wife of Rev. Charles Ray Palmer, pastor of the First Congregational Church in this city. She went to New York on Monday of last week for special treatment by Dr. T. G. Thomas. Her death occurred at 2:35 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Palmer was born in Philadelphia, Pa., the eldest daughter of Alfred S. Barnes and Harriet E. Burr, his wife—her father having been the head of the celebrated publishing house of A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, and having preceded her to the better land about two months. In her early years her parents removed to Brooklyn, New York., where she received her education, graduating at the Packer Institute. While quite young she united with the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church of that city under the pastoral care of Rev. W. I. Buddington, D. D. She was married February 10, 1869, to Rev. Charles Ray Palmer, then for a number of years the successful pastor of the Tabernacle Church, Salem, Mass., and at once took up her residence with that people and became the devoted and efficient helper of her husband—beloved and useful in every relation.

In 1872, Mr. Palmer accepted the call of the First church, Bridgeport, and established his family in the parsonage, No. 84 Golden Hill Street, in August of that year. How she has presided in that household, and what a helper she has been these sixteen years—her husband and near friends know. How abundant and efficient have been her labors in all departments of church work and in other charitable and benevolent effort, the whole community can and do

testify. In ladies' circles for prayer and the more public gatherings of the Missionary Association she presided with singular grace and efficiency. Her presence on such occasions was ever an added charm. Words indeed are inadequate to express a proper estimate of her virtues and worth. Love and its tokens only approach it. Cultured and refined she could grace and charm the highest circles. She was the consecrated woman and chose to be the helpmeet of her husband in his sacred work and bore the spiritual interests of the flock upon her heart of hearts. So winning and sympathetic was she with the poor, old and young, that they were instinctively drawn to her. Her infant Sunday School has been the nursery of the principal school and through that of the church. Her sympathies were wide and catholic and her loss will be mourned throughout the whole community. Thousands rise up and call her memory blessed. Her husband, children and immediate friends, thus have a deep and wide sympathy.

## FUNERAL SERVICES.

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At two o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, the relatives having gathered in the Parsonage, with the family, a prayer was offered by President Dwight, and immediately thereafter the casket was removed to the Church, accompanied by the Officers of the Church and Society. The party were met at the entrance of the Church by Rev. R. G. S. McNeille, Pastor of the South Congregational Church, who presided over the services following:

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## ORDER OF SERVICES.

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INVOCATION, . . . REV. JOHN S. LINDSAY, D.D.

HYMN No. 1228. "How vain is all beneath the Skies"

SELECTIONS FROM SCRIPTURE, . . . REV. J. W. COOPER, D.D.

HYMN No. 787. "O Holy Savior, Friend Unseen."

ADDRESS, . . . President TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D., LL.D.

PRAYER, . . . REV. JOHN E. BUSHNELL.

HYMN No. 693. "O Love Divine that stooped to share."

BENEDICTION, . . . REV. R. G. S. McNEILLE.

## PRESIDENT DWIGHT'S ADDRESS.

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“May the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep our hearts and our thoughts in the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ.”

We meet together in the border-land this afternoon, and look beyond the river toward the sweet fields on the other side. The beautiful spirit of a loving friend has just passed into the happier life within those fields, and, as our thoughts follow her, it seems but a little way from the old scenes to the new. The light comes backward into our hearts as the peace of God opens in its fullness to her experience, while our hope goes forward with a renewed assurance to the joyful future.

What shall we say to one another, at this farewell hour, of the one who has gone before us? What of the past, and what of the coming time? The life of the soul, surely, moves forward in a continuous progress, and what is to be is the richer unfolding of what has been. Our words of affectionate remembrance, therefore, are words of promise. Memories become prophecy, and all that we may tell each other of our old thoughts and knowledge of our friend transforms itself into a picturing of what the future will bring to her joyful and blessed heavenly life. I shall give utterance to the thought of all in this company, I am sure, when I say that our

friend who has gone forth from us, had the true and noble womanly spirit. The life of a man is so largely lived in the sight of all, and is so full of what we call action, and often of worldly honor, that it seems grander and more full of interest to us, at times, than that of a woman. Her life is hidden from the world's view largely, and there is no story to be told of what it accomplishes from day to day. But when we enter into a clearer apprehension of what life is, we get a different thought from this. Life is not conspicuous action, or the possession of the world's honors and rewards. Life is noble character, and kindly service, and self-sacrificing love, and the passing over of rich thought from one's own soul to the souls of others, and doing good. And into the center and glory of such living, a true, thoughtful, helpful woman enters as fully, and perhaps more fully oftentimes, than a man. The longer we live, I think, and the more deeply we penetrate within the inmost recesses of our truest life, the more we feel that the external things are not the noblest parts of our living, and that the peace and joy of the home are nearest to the glory of our life, as they are also to its richest enjoyment; and for this we are dependent on the peculiar work and love and thoughtfulness of woman. And so, as we may say, we are dependent largely upon her for all that influence which, in the most especial sense, goes forth from the home life and binds all men to it. I need not say what our friend was to her own home, or to the homes of all whom she loved, whether among the rich or the poor of this community. The

testimony, as I am assured, comes from every side, as men and women move along the streets of this city in these passing days, and it is borne with emphasis by the presence of this great assembly of those who sorrow over her departure.

“Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds  
Were in her very look;  
We read her face, as one who reads  
A true and holy book :

The measure of a blessed hymn,  
To which our hearts could move;  
The breathing of an inward psalm;  
A canticle of love.”

For sixteen years she has lived among this people and has given herself to the service of this church as its pastor's wife. Her sympathies were ever ready for all who were in trial or sorrow. Her counsel was given to those who sought it, and was characterized by wisdom and affectionate interest in the welfare of all. She was a minister of good to the poor; bearing help to them in earthly things, and pointing them to the hope which reaches into the unseen world. She won the hearts of the young by her gentle ways and thoughtful teachings, and as she won them to herself, she inspired them also with that higher love which turns towards God. She carried the interests of the Church in her thoughts and into her prayers and labors, and became thus an encouraging presence in every assembly of these Christian believers, strengthening them for their work in the service of God, in times of despondency as well as in times of hope. Her ministration in seasons of sickness and bereavement must, as I cannot doubt, have been a blessing



to many here which will not be forgotten. The membership of the Church itself has been enlarged by the addition of not a few, I am sure, the beginnings of whose Christian living were due to her teaching and her influence. She seemed by her very face and look, as many will testify, to prompt all around her to kindest deeds, and as she prompted them thus to acts of love, she guided them oftentimes in the wisest way by her practical wisdom. She had a strong sense of duty and of right, both with reference to her own conduct and that of others. She was helpful to right living as she influenced those around her. She was kindly and forbearing in every admonition. She had learned the lessons of the Christian teaching in her earlier years, and she yielded sweet obedience to them ever afterwards. Generous, magnanimous, courageous, cheerful, patient, hopeful for others, distrustful of none but herself, she moved forward calmly, lovingly, peacefully, through the years, and made her presence in the Church and in the city a benediction.

This is the testimony borne concerning her on every side, and it seems almost strange for me to be giving utterance to it in this place so familiar to you, and so unfamiliar to me, and in the presence of those who knew her so intimately and so long. But I am happy to be able to speak what you all so fully appreciate, and thus to bring the message of sympathy and affection from this great company, and from many in other places, to the one whom she loved most tenderly, and to whom I have myself been united by a friendship which reaches back into the earlier years.

I have said that the friend whom you all remember to-day so lovingly and kindly was courageous. Truly she was so. We speak of manly courage, but I know of no courage more heroic than womanly courage. She went forth to meet the last experience and the last hour with as strong a heart as the bravest soldier bears to the deadly conflict of contending armies. Lifted above fear, she strengthened her spirit for the trial appointed her and, so far from resting upon others for support, she sustained their hearts by the cheerful and peaceful heroism of her soul. We may not enter within the thoughts which had filled her mind as she looked forward toward the future. But we know that they all moved on to the calm result, and the end was the victory of a noble, consecrated will. Peacefully resigned to whatever might be God's appointment for her, she passed beyond the river, under His care, to the eternal peace in the sweet fields on the other side.

And what must be the opening of the life there, as these days which separate her from our presence are introducing her to its blessedness. Surely, it must be the opening to a life of love, and loving service, and holy thoughtfulness, and sweet charity in the heavenly sense, and generous feeling, and lofty courage, and continuous reaching out of the soul after what is higher and better. The future must answer to the past for Christian souls, only that the reality of the future experience will pass beyond the brightest of the earthly dreamings and picturings.

We say to one another, as the tidings of the death of another friend comes to us : "She has gone." How

sad and strange it seems. But beyond the river whither we look to-day, and in the sweet fields, there is another voice : " She has come. " What a blessed reunion after the waiting ! I sometimes think of this, as I think of a family circle, partly here and partly on the other side. They are waiting there, while we are pressing forward through the years here. By and by, the veil is lifted and another sweet spirit is added to the number of those who are in the happier life. The sad and sorrowful word here passes into the word of thankfulness there—and the waiting company, as it is enlarged by a new member and a new love, asks the Divine benediction upon those who are left behind, and waits with a yet more intense earnestness and hope for the hour when the reunion shall be final and the family once more complete. The sweet influence of this loved friend—the wife and mother of this loving household—will abide within the earthly home, while she moves on in the heavenly home, and after the years have passed away, she will welcome them to all the joy and peace into which she has entered.

And so, also, will the sweet influence of her loving spirit abide with this Church, and in all the coming years will call down upon it the blessing of heaven, as the power of the influence enters into many souls and works there to the ennobling of the inner life. Thus may the lesson of Christ's teaching be always here, and the words which have come down the ages to all generations of believers be fulfilled. The peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus, and

the God of peace, who brought again from the dead the great Shepherd of the sheep through the blood of the everlasting covenant, shall make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be the glory forever and ever !

I said awhile ago that we may not enter into the thoughts which filled her mind as she approached the crisis of her earthly experience. I said what was true—and yet I cannot forbear to allude to one indication of the direction of these thoughts, which is to me exceedingly interesting. It is afforded by certain lines which she read and re-read in her later days, and kept with her to the last. They reveal much more beautifully than could any words of mine, whither her heart turned, and with what kind of affection it was moved, as she drew near to an hour which was to decide so much in relation to her history and that of all who loved her best. The lines are these :

“ My Father God, lead on !  
Calmly I follow where Thy guiding hand  
Directs my steps. I would not trembling stand.  
Though all before the way  
Is dark as night, I stay  
My soul on 'Thee, and say—  
Father, I trust Thy love ; lead on.

Just as Thou wilt : lead on !  
For I am as a child, and know not how  
To tread the starless path whose windings now  
Lie hid from mortal ken.  
Although I know not when  
Sweet day will dawn again,  
Father, I wait Thy will ; lead on.

I ask not why : lead on !  
Mislead Thou canst not. Though through days of grief  
And nights of anguish, pangs without relief,

Or fears that would o'erthrow  
My faith, Thou bidst me go,  
Thy changeless love, I know,  
Father, my soul will keep : lead on.

With Thee is light : lead on !  
When dark and chill at eve the night-mists fall,  
O'erhanging all things like a dismal pall,  
The gloom, with dawn, hath fled ;  
So, though 'mid shades I tread,  
The day-spring o'er my head,  
Father, from Thee shall break : lead on.

Thy way is peace : lead on !  
Made heir of all things, I were yet unblest  
Didst Thou not dwell with me and make me rest  
Beneath the brooding wing  
That Thou dost o'er me fling,  
'Till Thou Thyself shalt bring,  
Father, my spirit home : lead on.

Thou givest strength : lead on !  
I cannot sink while Thy right hand upholds,  
Nor comfort lack while Thy kind arm enfolds.  
Through all my soul I feel  
A healing influence steal,  
While at Thy feet I kneel,  
Father, in lowly trust : lead on.

'Twill soon be o'er : lead on !  
Left all behind, earth's heart-aches then shall seem  
E'en as the memories of a vanished dream ;  
And when of griefs and tears  
The golden fruit appears,  
Amid the eternal years,  
Father, all thanks be Thine ! Lead on !"

Thus do we follow her, with a reverent spirit, almost to the threshold of the door through which she passed beyond our sight, into the secret place of the Most High. Do we wonder that one prepared by such communings with Him who is invisible, seemed to others to be sustained with fortitude and with strength that were not of this world. "The Eternal

was her Refuge, and underneath her were the everlasting arms." With hopeful and heroic soul she followed whither she was led, and has entered, after a brief and rapid journey, into her rest and her reward. Into like blessedness and glory may He, who was her Redeemer and Guide, bring us in His own time, through the riches of His Infinite mercy, for His name's sake ! Amen.



RESOLUTIONS

OF

CHURCHES AND SOCIETIES.





## IN MEMORIAM.

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At a meeting of the First Congregational Church, Wednesday evening, April 25, 1888, the following resolutions were adopted :

WHEREAS, The Good Father, whose ways are not as our ways, has, in His infinite wisdom, seen fit to call to Himself our beloved Mrs. Palmer,

*Resolved*, That our hearts go out as one, in loving sympathy to our beloved pastor and his bereaved family in this their great and overwhelming sorrow, and in earnest prayer, that they may be sustained and comforted under this heavy trial.

*Resolved*, That bowed down with grief and distress, that this dear face may no longer smile upon us and the dear voice no longer lead and cheer, we would humbly acknowledge through our tears His right to do as He will with His own, and would try to take to our hearts the lesson she would have had us learn from this sad dispensation and walking like her in the footsteps of our Divine Lord, be also ready when it shall be said "The Master is come and calleth for thee."

R B. LACEY, Moderator.

A. H. GAMSBY, Clerk.

The Standing Committee designated the following Sub-Committee to accompany the remains to Albany and assist at the burial :

WILLIAM B. HINCKS,

WM. G. LINEBURGH,

H. M. HARRINGTON,

ELI C. SMITH,

FRANK B. SAMMIS,

R. B. COGSWELL,

HENRY R. PARROTT,

SILAS C. BURTON.

## IN MEMORIAM.

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At a meeting of the Standing Committee of the South [Second] Congregational Church on Wednesday evening, April 25, the following resolutions were prepared to be submitted to the church for its approval at the Preparatory Lecture, Wednesday evening, May 2.

**WHEREAS**, We recognize in the death of Mrs. Charles Ray Palmer a sudden and great loss to the Christian activities of this city, therefore

*Resolved*, That this church extend to the First Church and its pastor and his family, our sincere condolence in view of their deep affliction and bereavement.

*Resolved*, That we put upon record our appreciation of Mrs. Palmer's character, and recall with gratitude to God her Christian work in this community, which endeared her memory to us all.

Her cordial hospitality and interest for every good work ; her abundant charities to the poor ; her executive ability in administration, and her untiring assiduity in behalf of missions, whether in the home or foreign field, have combined to win for her during these many years our highest Christian regard and affection. We mourn her loss and revere her memory and example.

*Resolved*, That this committee attend the funeral services in a body and that an appropriate floral memorial be prepared for that occasion as an expression of our tender regard and sympathy.

R. G. S. McNEILLE, Pastor.

EDWARD STERLING, Clerk.

## IN MEMORIAM.

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The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Park Street Congregational Church of Bridgeport, Sunday, April 29, 1888 :

WHEREAS, In the mysterious Providence of God, Mrs. Charles Ray Palmer has been suddenly called away from this life to another, it is therefore hereby

*Resolved*, That we thus record our deep and heartfelt sympathy for the honored and beloved household that has recently been called to pass through repeated afflictions, and whose crowning bereavement is the loss of this cherished wife and mother ; and also for the sister church that is now bowed by such an overwhelming sorrow as none but an Almighty Comforter can assuage.

*Resolved*, That we gratefully recognize the excellent and praiseworthy activities of Mrs. Palmer's life, her helpfulness to her sisters in Christ, her ready appreciation of every good work, whether in her own immediate circle, or elsewhere, her zeal for missionary enterprises at home and abroad, and above all, her daily exemplification of the noble principles and virtues of a Christian life, the memory of which, we trust, may stimulate our own religious fervor, and lead us to a closer imitation of the Divine Master by whose lessons she herself had been taught, and into whose eternal joy and reward we believe that she has now entered.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the afflicted family and church, as an expression of our loving regard and sincere sympathy in view of their painful bereavement.

HORACE C. HOVEY, Pastor.

ORANGE MERWIN, Clerk.

## IN MEMORIAM.

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At the annual meeting of the Olivet Evangelical Society, Wednesday evening, April 25, 1888, the following resolution was adopted :

*Resolved*, That the Olivet Evangelical Society, in annual meeting assembled, does hereby assure the Rev. Charles Ray Palmer and his family, of its sincere sympathy in this their deep sorrow and bereavement ; and that individually and collectively, in the death of his beloved wife, Mrs. Mary Barnes Palmer, we mourn the loss of one who has always had a deep and personal interest in the advancement of Christ's Kingdom among us, and the religious and benevolent work of our city in general.

SAMUEL WAKEMAN, Clerk.

## IN MEMORIAM.

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At a meeting of the West End Congregational Church, Wednesday, May 2d, 1888, the following resolutions were adopted, and ordered to be placed upon its records :

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father, who moves in a mysterious way, to call from our midst unto Himself, Mrs. Charles Ray Palmer, therefore be it

*Resolved*, That this church extend to the First Church and its Pastor, and his family, its heartfelt sympathy in their sore affliction and bereavement.

*Resolved*, That this church gratefully recognize the sterling worth of Mrs. Palmer's life, her willingness to aid in every good work, her zeal in missions, both home and foreign, and above all, her exemplary Christian earnestness, which led so many to a personal knowledge of the Master into whose reward we believe she has now entered.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and Church, as an expression of our affectionate regard and warm sympathy for them in their grief.

GEORGE FOSTER PRENTISS, Pastor.

W. E. NORTON, Clerk.

## IN MEMORIAM.

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The following resolutions were unanimously adopted at a special meeting of the Ladies' Foreign Missionary Society, of which the late Mrs. Palmer was the President :

WHEREAS, The hand of God has suddenly and unexpectedly removed from us the beloved President of the Ladies' Foreign Missionary Society of the Congregational churches of Bridgeport, Mrs. Mary Barnes Palmer, we therefore, the members of said society, seeking some suitable way of expressing our sense of love and sorrow, do unanimously adopt the following resolutions :

*Resolved*, That this Society remembers with gratitude the superior worth and faithful services of our deceased president, whose devoted piety, fervent zeal for the cause of missions, fine executive ability, as well as admirable natural gifts and gracious attainments made her inexpressibly dear to us all. The fragrance and loveliness of her life, the largeness and clearness of her views, the vigor of her religious hope, made her the centre of our Society indeed, and we deeply deplore her loss.

*Resolved*, That we bow with submission to the will of God in this mysterious dispensation of His providence, and most tenderly express our sympathy for the bereaved husband and family that have sustained an irreparable loss, and assure them, and others who are touched by this great sorrow, that they have our heartfelt commiseration in this trying ordeal, and our earnest prayers for Divine support and guidance.

*Resolved*, That the life and example of our departed sister should stimulate us all to greater zeal and more entire consecration to the Master whom she so faithfully served.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be given to the family of the deceased, and that they be placed upon the records of the Society.

MRS. H. C. HOVEY,  
MRS. R. G. S. McNEILLE, } Committee.

HARRIET A. HAWLEY, Sec.

Bridgeport, Conn., April 26, 1888.

Resolutions of Young Ladies' Mission Circle, in First Church, Bridgeport.

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**WHEREAS**, Our Heavenly Father in wisdom and love has taken to Himself our dearly beloved leader, Mrs. Charles Ray Palmer,

*Resolved*, That with sad and aching hearts, overflowing with sympathy and love for our dear Pastor and those near to him, we extend to them in this hour of bereavement our sincere condolence.

*Resolved*, That in this sad dispensation of Providence, we have lost one who has been for many years our guide, friend and companion, in this work so dear to her heart—one who encouraged and cheered us by her helpful words and heavenly smile.

*Resolved*, That this Circle henceforth be known and named the *Memorial Mission Circle*, in memory and honor of Mrs. Palmer, trusting it will be an incentive to more earnest work and a deeper interest on the part of every member.

(A true copy)

MRS. F. B. SAMMIS, Sec.

Resolution of the Y. P. S. C. E., as communicated.

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BRIDGEPORT, APRIL 27, 1888.

*Rev. C. R. Palmer,*

DEAR SIR:—The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor desires in some feeble way to add an expression of its love for Mrs. Palmer and its sympathy for her stricken family.

While flowers most fitly betoken the beauty of her life and the fragrance which shall go out from it, unlike the sweet memory she leaves they are but for a day. We have, therefore, decided to put in the upper room of the chapel a marble tablet commemorative of her, so that whether the people meet for prayer, for social purposes, for study, or in any way, they shall be reminded continuously for the years to come of the saintly life which was led in our midst for sixteen years, and that as we meet month by month for consecration, there shall come before us, as long as we shall live, an example of what human consecration may become.

With kindest sympathy and loving prayer, we are,

Very sincerely yours,

The Y. P. S. C. E.

N. E. WORDIN, President.



Resolutions of the Tabernacle Church, Salem, Mass.

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*Resolved*, That it is with profound grief and "sorrow of heart," we have learned of the sudden death of Mrs. Mary Barnes Palmer, wife of the former esteemed and beloved Pastor of this Church; that we recall with tenderest emotion the years of service and of blessing which she gave to this Church, her entering in among us in the freshness of her earlier years, and taking up with all the zeal of her ardent nature, the duties belonging to her new position, setting before us through all the years of her stay among us, a high and worthy example of Christian living and Christian activity, and by the sweetness of her disposition and the unselfishness of her heart drawing all who beheld her to imitate her example and walk in her steps; that we tender to her husband and her children our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this their time of sorrow, and do earnestly pray the Great Head of the Church that He will vouchsafe unto them those consolations of His grace which alone can sustain them in the trial, and that He will bring them out of the trial sanctified and made more meet for His service.

(The foregoing is a true copy of the record.)

Attest,

EZRA L. WOODBURY, Church Clerk.

Resolutions of the Ladies' Missionary Society in the Tabernacle Church,  
Salem, Mass.

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WHEREAS, The Heavenly Father has called home our beloved sister in Christ, Mrs. Mary Barnes Palmer, therefore,

*Resolved*, That this auxiliary recall with gratitude to our sister that the date of its organization, October 27, 1869, is the earliest on the roll of the Essex South Branch.

*Resolved*, That the prayers and consecration to the work which our sister brought into this auxiliary, as its first President, still continue to bless and encourage us.

*Resolved*, That we extend to the earthly home now so desolate, the expression of our tenderest sympathy, praying Him whose inmates are, and Whom they serve, that He turn the shadow of death into the morning of the power of His resurrection, comforting them in all their tribulation with the comfort whereby they have been able to comfort others.

*Resolved*, That we assure the auxiliary at Bridgeport, Connecticut, of our heartfelt prayers in the loss of their beloved President, our sister in Christ, praying the Great Head of the Church to supply all their need, according to His riches in glory, by Christ Jesus.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the afflicted family, and to the auxiliary at Bridgeport, and that they be spread upon the records of the Tabernacle Auxiliary.

(A true copy)

EMMA H. SHORT, Sec.

Copy of a Letter from Mrs. S. M. Hotchkiss, Secretary of the Woman's  
Home Missionary Union, of Connecticut.

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*To the American Missionary Association:*

The enclosed *one hundred dollars* is given by the Woman's Home Missionary Union of Connecticut to the school at Thom-  
asville, Georgia, in memory of Mrs. Charles Ray Palmer, a beloved  
member of the Executive Board.

In her death the Union has met with a loss that is irreparable.  
By this gift to the Connecticut school we would testify our appreci-  
ation of her high character and worth and the influence of her  
lovely life now ended.

MRS. SAMUEL M. HOTCHKISS, Sec.

## Resolutions of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

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Since it hath pleased Almighty God, in His wise providence, to remove by death Mrs. Mary B. Palmer, an early and staunch friend of the W. C. T. U., a beloved member and efficient officer of the Central Union, the members of the Union desire to express their sense of obligation to her, their appreciation of her character, their sincere sorrow in view of her decease. While we would unite with other organizations and individuals in recognizing her generous Christian spirit and amiable disposition, it is especially fitting that we should recall her interest in the work of the organization. Every department of our work having for its object the uplifting of humanity, found in her a true friend. As a Vice-President she was second to none in wise counsel, generous aid, and efficient cooperation in the management of the affairs of the Union. Surely, if to befriend the unfortunate, to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, to raise the down-trodden, constitutes pure religion and undefiled before God, her end must have been peace, and her reward must be great; therefore,

*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with the afflicted family of our late sister, and commend them for consolation in their great bereavement to "Him who doeth all things well."

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased as a token of our respect and love for the character and daily life of the dear sister who has gone to her rest, and we do pray that the mantle of her devotion may fall upon us, and that the Master's call may find us, as undoubtedly it found our beloved sister, "only waiting."

A SERMON

PREACHED IN THE

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

Bridgeport, Sunday, April 29,

BY

REV. GEORGE M. BOYNTON, OF NEWTON, MASS.

AND

PRINTED BY REQUEST OF THE SOCIETY'S COMMITTEE.



# SERMON.

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## THE SEPULCHRE IN THE GARDEN.

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*John xix:41.*

“Now in the place where He was crucified there was a garden ; and in the garden a new sepulchre.”

Garden and sepulchre ! that is a picture of this world, a symbol of human life, the combination which meets our eyes on every hand.

Every garden is a graveyard, burying the life with which it teems from season to season and from day to day. The leaves and flowers, which bloom upon its surface, die there too. Death lurks below, while life reigns above.

Life which is most full of life looks forward to the hour of death. Every road leads to a grave yard. Growth is everywhere set over against decay. Even the flowers cast their shadows on the ground beneath them. Joy is next neighbor to sorrow. Pleasure is the mother of pain. Smiles and tears play on the same countenance ; and alternate like sunshine and showers on an April day, nor only alternate, they are there together like sun-showers.

This is the parable of life ; for God's goodness and man's sin are here together. His goodness plants the garden and man's sin builds the sepulchre. God sets out the roses and the lilies, and man makes it

needful for him to sow the seeds of thorns and thistles. God's first gift is life, and man's first gain is death. You cannot absolutely separate the two. Pleasure almost implies pain. Good is known and measured by its opposite. The power to enjoy suggests a power to suffer. The plate which is sensitive to light is also impressed by the shadows, even if they are only the absence of light; otherwise you could not make a photograph. Bitter and sweet are mingled in every cup. The zest of life is largely in the mingling.

Even into the garden the weeds intrude, and some flowers grow in every wilderness. Even into the sunniest life the shadows sometimes steal; and through the darkest clouds the sun breaks sometimes. For this world is not heaven, nor is it hell.

It is not the paradise before the fall, nor yet the paradise of God, which shall be. It is rather the garden in the wilderness, with the wall broken down; the one running into the other without strict limits. Weeds and flowers grow together and apace. The forces of good and evil meet and strive for the mastery. The elements out of which character is to be conquered are all here, and we are to assimilate out of them our embodiment. Good and evil, virtue and vice, pleasure and denial, the divine and the devilish, the immortal and the mortal. "We look up to the stars while our feet are in the dust." We know the pleasure of hope and the pain of suffering at the same moment. We gaze on that which fills us with horror while sweet sounds of heavenly music contend for the possession of our souls.



The garden and the sepulchre are always near together. The skeleton is at every feast, and the funeral calls forth the flowers of sympathy from hearts that have not cheered us with the perfume of their love before.

This is the world into which Jesus came, the world of joys and sorrows, the world of sin and saintliness, the world of life and death.

What was its meaning till he came—this symbol of it all—this sepulchre and garden?

The sepulchre was in the garden as an emblem of the perishableness of all earthly joys. It was not needed, perhaps, to point the moral which the whole world and life of man was setting forth, but it was another illustration of the universal truth. Sometimes a symbol is more full of meaning to us than a fact. We tell the time of day not by the wheels of the clock, which transmit the power, but by the hands which only mark their unwearyed rounds.

The garden is the symbol of all beauty and all joy; the grave, the type of all decay and death, and they belong together as you have seen. For the grave marks the doom and destiny of all that is of the earth, earthy, even though it be of the fairest and the brightest.

Each period in the advance of life buries the pursuits and pleasures which occupied its hours and filled its heart in their day. Youth looks back on childhood and wonders how it could ever have taken delight in the simple pleasures which filled its hours with bliss. It does not care to look forward a few years and see how those only a little older are satiated

with its present joys and think them tasteless and unattractive. Everything palls bye and bye. The sweet is no longer sweet, or else the taste is gone to which its sweetness appealed for recognition. Whether it be play or pleasure or what are called the serious pursuits of life, at length its zest departs and its spontaneous spring becomes a treadmill trudging.

Every day, however full of warmth and sunshine, leads to sun-setting and the night. The festive hours most full of glee come to an end, and the good-bye must be said and the home-going done. Weariness alone is enough to put an end to sport or toil, and compel either to cease.

You have seen one and another most full of life, physical and of the spirit, who seemed as though they could never tire, and to whom the suggestion of death seemed almost an impertinence. Health and wealth and beauty and friends abounded in so munificent profusion, it seemed as though they made an effectual bulwark against the approach; against the interruption of any hindering hand; and yet the cheek has paled, the laughter ceased, the voice so full of cheer has been silenced, and the still form has been carried from your sight.

Ah! if it had not been for Jesus Christ, by whom God's love has been made known and shed abroad, it would not have been a grave in the garden, but a grave in place of a garden. The garden would have disappeared, and only the sepulchre would have stood up drear and lonely where the flowers and fruits had been.

For sin brought death; death to joy, death to life,

death to holiness and heaven, death to body and to soul. And if that had been all there were to look to, the increase of sin, the widening of the circle within which the cursed serpent's breath was powerful and prevailing, then death temporal and eternal would have risen like a flood and drowned out the garden which could no longer bring forth fruits or flowers for human health and healing.

When, in the patriarchal days, it repented God that he had made man, he nearly swept him from the earth as he opened the windows of heaven and the fountains of the great deep, and suffered that which had been his greatest boon to become his engulfing destroyer. He would not have perpetuated the race and suffered it to fill the earth again, but that Christ was to come and redeem it unto himself.

It was not only by Him that all things were made, but "in Him all things consist." He is the principle of their permanence. By Him they stand together. Because He is to come, they are worthy to be preserved; because he shall redeem them from the curse. The earth stands, the race continues, because He who brings life and immortality to light shall come to earth and to man.

It would have been a rayless night, if Jesus had not come. Chaos would have come again, formless and void, but that the Son of God should come to bring light out of darkness, order out of confusion, and holiness out of sin.

But, because He was to come, it is no longer a grave alone, nor a garden around a grave, as though the abode of death were the central and controlling

fact, but it is a sepulchre in a garden, sometimes even an unused sepulchre ; subordinate not principal ; a sign, a warning, a lesson, that all this which yet is fair is not enduring. If sin had come and Christ had not, it would have been all sepulchre and no garden.

But Christ came to the garden and the sepulchre both. How often He had tarried in the garden of Gethsemane as He went back and forth from Bethany to Jerusalem we do not know. We associate the name only with the agony of the night on which He was betrayed ; and yet we well may think it to have been a favorite resort of Jesus in the early morning and in the twilight hours, when He would meditate and commune with the Father. It was not simply the garden of His deathly agony for us, but of His earlier frequenting and more peaceful hours.

So He came into all our human life—came into sympathetic participation with it. He worked at His father's bench. "Is not this the Carpenter?" the neighbors ask, when He comes back a teacher and a prophet. He walked in the trodden ways in which the feet of men are oftenest found. Not withdrawn like John the Baptist, an ascetic, a hermit preacher, but mingling in their joys and their pursuits, apart, yet with them, so that they say, "He is not holier than others ; He eats and drinks like other men." Only He is always present helpfully, as many come to learn, and holily, as we now know. At the marriage in Cana, as with the five thousand in the wilderness, He was in sympathy with those who were happy and with those who were hungering.

So he hallowed the joys of our earthly life. He

showed how, though they might be fleeting, they yet could be made worthy of God's children, absent yet from home. Read the record of his teachings at the feast given in a rich man's house, if you would learn the spirit in which he entered, and in which we should enter, into the pursuits and pleasures of this life.

And if he hallowed, he interpreted them as well. He did not come into the garden of this life to select its choicest joys for himself, as the gods of mythology have always done. He came to help, to seek and save the lost. That brought great grief upon him. More than once or twice his tears bedewed the flowers. Must they not have bloomed with more subdued beauty and a heavenlier delicacy of fragrance after such baptism of tears? The leaves wet from his eyes were then indeed for the healing of the nations. Tears are sacred if they be unselfish tears, since Jesus wept.

His coming both served to sanctify the joys of life and to explain them. The world had misinterpreted the divine intent. They had gone into the garden to seek its joys, and gain by what they could get out of it. Jesus showed them how the true joy of life lay in what they could do for others more than in what they could get done for themselves.

All his life illustrated it; but most plainly did he show it forth when he was crucified in the place where was the garden, and laid in the new sepulchre within it. Never did tree bear such noble fruit, as that on which He bare our sins in His own body. Never was seed so precious and so full of promise buried in the earth, as when the Christ of God lay

silent within the rock hewn tomb. For Christ crucified was "the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation." Much as He had done in His teachings, and in His miracles, it was all as nothing in comparison with that which He effected for us by His death. To suffer and to bear for men, ah! that is shown to be the height of blessedness—the acme of Divine glory and power. It was over the cross that the true words were written, in the three prevailing forms of human speech, that all might read and know, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King."

He is the King over whom adverse circumstances have the least control; who reigns not by sufferance of his subjects; who is rich and happy and powerful not now and then, when all is well without, but the sources of whose joy and goodness and control of men are all within; who stands a King in exile equally as when a King enthroned; whose kingliness no disguise can hide, no humiliation conceal.

Jesus was most a king when on the cross, drawing all men to his standard; so setting up the kingdom of heaven on earth; the conqueror of sin.

And Jesus in the sepulchre! a victor still in a realm which has never been invaded before, at whose darkness all men trembled and withdrew. The King of Terrors has him bound, but his chains are but threads, which can not hold him for a moment longer than he will.

Well might the sepulchre be in the garden, surrounded by all the forms of life and beauty. For Jesus is to rest there, over whom death has but transient power: only such power as is permitted it

by him who yields himself for a little while to its embrace.

We have dwelt sometimes in our thoughts over the hours of trial and of crucifixion. Have you ever tried to realize that which was taking place in the unseen world while Jesus lay within the sealed and guarded sepulchre? How heaven's battlements were thronged with angels looking, watching, waiting. The sepulchre with the great stone rolled to the door, and the solid rock out of which it was hewn around it—so fast it seemed to Pilate and the Priests—as open to the gaze of the heavenly hosts and to the feet of holy angels as is the azure pathway to the stars. How paltry the poor precautions of an earthly power must have seemed to the watchers from above: the walls like walls of air, the bonds like chains of dew drops. The Lord of life lain down to rest whom men thought dead. Within the tomb, the light more glorious than the light of day, and the angelic attendants waiting on their Lord, taking the grave clothes from his hands, folding and placing them in orderly array, and waiting where he bade them till the first loving visitors should come that they might tell them where they might meet him again. Jesus going forth unperceived—not hiding himself, but only not revealing—on that strange visit to the realms of death, to announce to the spirits in prison the completion of his redeeming work, that both the living and the dead might know that he had died for sin.

And now the morning comes, and the grave is seen to be more fruitful than the garden. For He arises, the first fruits of them that slept, precursor of a

greater, grander harvest than earth has ever known. Christ rises from the sepulchre, its bloom and fruit, to show the imperishableness of that which is divinely good, as he laid there to show the temporary power of sin. He rises in the garden, all surrounded with the flowers of spring, he who is himself the Rose of Sharon for beauty, and the lily of the valley for purity. He rises amid the beautiful things of earth, far more beauteous since he has risen. And now at length the sepulchre is seen to be more full of life and promise than all the beds of the garden. Death which had been dreaded as the doom of sin, is now robbed of its terrors and seen to be the waking place of holiness. It had been thought to be the night of gloom : it is seen to be the dawn of gladness to them that sleep in Jesus.

And it is the prophecy that bye and bye there shall be garden and no sepulchre where Jesus is. A city without a tomb, strange sight for mortal eyes to see ; but mortal eyes shall then have come to be immortal. A day without a night, strange thought for weary flesh ; but flesh shall be transformed to spirit and shall work, and not be weary, and shall run and not be faint. Life without death, but it shall be life which shall not grow weak with age, or hindered in the fullness of its glow. Joy without sorrow, for it shall be not the shallow joy of earth, but the deep full welling happiness, which is the Lord's own joy, unselfish and inexhaustible.

There was once a garden with no sepulchre—when the voice of the Lord God was heard in Eden, and man and his Maker were in undisturbed fellow-



ship and friendship. Sin came, and drove out the Lord and dug the grave; and by and by, the Word, is it not one with that first voice of God? The Word of God comes back, becomes flesh, enters the grave and garden both, and by and by abolishes the grave and plants the garden over with immortal bloom.

When Mary saw the Lord she thought at first that it was the gardener; and it was indeed, under whose care the vines should bear the flowers which bloom with unfading beauty. The sepulchre in the garden where Jesus was laid is the birth-place of immortal life and of undying hope.

Dear friends—Coming to you to-day in deepest sympathy with your tears and with those of my dear brother and his household, I stand with you by the door of the just closed sepulchre to point you to the flowers of the garden. I need not say to you, “Why seek ye the living among the dead”? For your eyes are already turned toward the cloud which received Him from the sight of His disciples, and into the brightness of whose farther side He has received His own—your beloved friend. A friend whose life among you has been like a whispered benediction, one surrounded by an atmosphere of holy, calm and sweet repose, even in the midst of most active ministries of loving service; a model of womanly grace and beauty, both of face and of spirit, using to the full the rare opportunities for influence and usefulness which come to a pastor’s wife. The Germans have a sweet name for such an one “*die pastorin*” the pastoress, the shepherdess. Blessed is the man who has had both a mother and a wife worthy of such a title.

She was one, was she not? like the Maries who came to the sepulchre in the early morning—if she had lived there and then, might she not well have been one of that little group?—bringing spices to embalm the body of their Lord; one, gladly to drop them, as they did, at the door, when the new message came to them from the angel's lips, to run and bring the disciples word that Jesus was not in the sepulchre, but in the suburbs, and would see his friends again ere he wended his way to the skies.

Oh friends, cast down but not destroyed; sorrowing, but not without hope, look no longer at the sepulchre, but at the flowers of the garden. Cover the tomb with "immortelles," with wreaths that speak of an immortal hope, and praise our heavenly Father for the grace of her life, for the calmness with which she met her mortal peril, and for the smile of faith and love she bore from earth to heaven. May her sweet influence make life ever more sacred to you, death less to be feared, and the power and sympathy of the dear Lord more real and constant in your experience.

I need not ask you to be kind and helpful to my brother in his deepest sorrow—you have been and you will be, all of you. Comfort him, I pray you, and remember, by that means you give him strength. The flowers of your love and sympathy may help to make a garden about the grave of his dearest one.

God help you all, dear friends, and give you hope in Jesus Christ.

So may our hearts receive Him whose abiding presence shall fill them with all holy joy and hope in

Him. May He be with us in the garden of our joy, not suffering us to forget that there He died for us. May He be with us in our thoughts and our experience of the tomb, leading us down to it in hope, lifting us up from it in holiness to be with Him, where all is peace and beauty and where sin and death can never come.

And unto Him be all the praise ! Amen.





MEMORIAL SERVICES

OF THE

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1888.



IN MEMORIAM,

Mrs. Charles Ray Palmer,

Died, Tuesday, April 24th, 1888.





MEMORIAL SERVICES,  
NORTH CHURCH CHAPEL.

Friday, 3 P. M., May 18, 1888.

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FATHER, WHATE'ER OF EARTHLY BLISS, . . . HYMN 806.

READING OF SCRIPTURE.

PRAYER.

SONG. . . . . MRS. C. SWAN.

PAPER—MRS. PALMER'S LIFE AND WORK, . . . MISS MINER.

SONG. . . . . MISS HOVEY.

PAPER,—MRS. PALMER'S CONNECTION WITH THE  
MISSIONARY SOCIETY . . . . . MISS H. HAWLEY.

DUETT, . . . . . MISS STERLING, MRS. GAMSBY.

PAPER—MEMORIAL GIFT, . . . . . MRS. E. A. McLELLAN.

MEMORIAL OFFERING.

TESTIMONIALS.

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE, . . . . . HYMN 775

She passed—she went to other lands,  
She knew not of the work she did ;  
The wondrous product of her hands,  
From her is ever hid.

Forever, did I say? O, no !  
The time must come when she will look  
Upon her pilgrimage below,  
And find it in God's book.

## THE LIFE AND WORK OF THE LATE MRS. CHARLES RAY PALMER.

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Paper Read by Miss Mary J. Miner at the Memorial Services on  
Friday, May 18, 1888.

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A beautiful soul but lately winged its swift and silent flight to the unseen world. It rose to meet the glad fruition of blessed hopes, long cherished—to learn of that fullness of joy, of which all earthly experiences, however exalted, are but the dim foreshadowing. We may well believe that the sweet spirit received a glad welcome upon those distant shores, and that it has entered into the everlasting happiness of a redeemed and purified soul. To us who are left behind yet a little longer, the loss seems an irreparable one. She whom we so sincerely mourn, was identified with many forms of Christian work, whose success was due, in great measure to the inspiration of her personal leadership. And our hearts fail us lest, missing the helpful counsel, the kindly sympathy, the encouraging word so freely bestowed when needed, weary souls should lose hope, weary hands drop helpless, and those activities, so dear to her, be suffered to languish. Yet surely the stimulating influence of such a consecrated life cannot cease to be felt in our midst, but will incite to still greater achievements in the service of the Master, who has called to Himself so efficient a laborer. Should the sense of personal responsibility be deepened in hearts that have heretofore been too much occupied with thoughts of self, many, now looking heavenward through tears of deepest grief, would be comforted, as by a ray of light in the darkness, and would say, with glad assurance, what even now they dutifully acknowledge, “The Lord doeth all things well.”

Mary Barnes Palmer, daughter of Alfred S. Barnes and Harriet E. Burr, his wife, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., May 25th, 1844. Her father was the head of the well-known publishing house of A. S. Barnes & Co. Early in her childhood Mr. Barnes removed his business to Brooklyn, N. Y., and it was with the pleasant Garden Street home in that city, that her earliest memories were associated.

Here were born a number of her brothers and sisters, and here she passed the happy childhood days whose sweetness lingered alway in her heart. Being the eldest daughter in a very large family, more or less responsibility concerning the care of her younger brothers and sisters fell upon her shoulders, and thus, very early in life, was developed that thoughtfulness for others always so marked a characteristic in the woman. After some years, the family removed to their Clinton Avenue residence, and attended the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, then under the pastoral care of Dr. W. I. Buddington. When about fifteen years of age, Mrs. Palmer united with that church, the step being the natural result of the Christian training received in home and Sunday School, rather than of any marked religious experience.

Her education was received at the Packer Institute, Brooklyn, where she was graduated in due time. She was a great favorite with both instructors and students, and attached to herself, in the bonds of strong affection, many whose friendship proved a delightful element in her later life.

The first decisive experience of her life came to her, a few years later, in the shape of a great sorrow. The loss of a beloved friend, under peculiarly painful circumstances, cast a deep gloom over the hitherto almost unclouded years. A prolonged period of great depression of mind and heart followed upon this loss, and when she emerged, at length, from the darkness that had enveloped her soul, it was with greatly changed views of life, and with an absorbing desire to make hers a useful one, to serve her generation, in some special manner, as the Lord might indicate to her. She seriously considered the question of going abroad as a Foreign Missionary, but was dissuaded from the step by Dr. Buddington and other friends, who felt that a sphere of equal usefulness would soon or late be opened to her at home.

On the 10th of February, 1869, she was married to Rev. Charles Ray Palmer, who had been for nine years the pastor of the Tabernacle Church of Salem, Mass. She was warmly welcomed by the members of that parish, who had been without a pastor's wife for more than thirty years. She threw herself earnestly into the work of the church, showing a remarkable aptitude for the duties of her new position, and attracting to herself there, as everywhere, the devoted love and admiration of all hearts. That she has ever been held in affectionate remembrance by these friends of her earlier years, the following resolution, passed at a meeting of the church, on the 27th of April last, will show :

*“Resolved,* That we recall, with tenderest emotion, the years of service and of blessing which Mrs. Palmer gave to this church ; her entering in among us in the freshness of her earlier years, and

taking up, with all the zeal of her ardent nature, the duties belonging to her new position ; setting before us, through all the years of her stay among us, a high and worthy example of Christian living and Christian activity ; and by the sweetness of her disposition, and the unselfishness of her heart, drawing all who beheld her to imitate her example, and walk in her steps."

It was while at Salem that Mrs. Palmer's two children, Alfred Barnes and Edith Burr, were born. The home life was a bright and happy one, and no sorrow came to cast a shadow over the threshold.

In May, 1872, Mr. Palmer accepted a call to the First Congregational Church of this city, and in August hither removed his family. Here, as at Salem, Mrs. Palmer at once identified herself with her husband's work and proved a most devoted and efficient helper in all its various departments. She organized the Ladies' Association, which, through its various committees, systematized the work already in hand and introduced several new and valuable features.

The needs of the Infant Sunday School next attracted her attention and she took hold of the work there with a zeal that produced most gratifying results. She remained its superintendent up to the time of her death, her interest in its welfare never abating ; and many little ones, who afterward publicly gave themselves to the service of Christ, there received from her the first impulses toward the better and the higher life.

About this same time, Mrs. Palmer, feeling the necessity of rousing the ladies of Bridgeport to a greater and more intelligent interest in the work of foreign missions, organized with the help of Mrs. Edwin Johnson, of the Second Congregational church, "The Ladies' Auxiliary" to the "New Haven Branch" of the Woman's Board of Missions, which has ever since been in successful operation. Herself a devoted lover of the Master's work, at home and abroad, she infused her own enthusiasm into the gatherings of the "auxiliary," and many, who are now most earnest and faithful helpers in this department of Christian labor, date their interest in the great cause of missions from her inauguration of the work in this city. As a presiding officer, Mrs. Palmer exhibited singular grace and great executive ability, and calls to larger and more public service came to her from time to time. She was at one time urged to accept the presidency of the "New Haven Branch" and at another that of the "Woman's Congregational Home Missionary Union of Connecticut." Both of these honors she modestly declined, and chose rather to find in the smaller home sphere a field for the exercise of abilities regarded by others as exceptional. In addition to the Circle first formed, Mrs. Palmer organized various smaller circles among the young ladies, and

among the children, both girls and boys ; and the aggregate amount of work done by these lesser agencies is such as to demonstrate the wisdom and farsightedness of her who created them, and who ever followed their labors with a loving and a prayerful interest. By vote of the members, recently passed, the "Young Ladies' Mission Circle" will henceforth be known as the "Memorial Mission Circle of the North Church," in honor of her who was so deeply concerned for its welfare, and whose presence and kindly counsel will be so sadly missed.

Not only was Mrs. Palmer's heart stirred in behalf of the benighted in their far away homes, but also it went out to such of them as came, with all their ignorance and superstition, into our very midst. And so the Chinese school, held regularly in the North Church Chapel, and taught with wonderful perseverance and patience by those whose interest she roused in behalf of its members, came into existence and is now a marked feature of the church work. That these men, darkened though they may be, are yet able to recognize and appreciate true goodness of heart, has been conclusively shown by the reverent esteem in which they held their benefactress, by their genuine sorrow at her loss, and their most touching expression of it on the day of the funeral.

The Home Missionary cause also claimed a large place in Mrs. Palmer's sympathies, and she showed special interest in the preparation of the missionary boxes which were dispatched from time to time, to those on the field.

Perhaps nowhere did Mrs. Palmer exert a more abiding influence for good than in the various ladies' and childrens' meetings for prayer, on weekday afternoons. Her singleness of heart, her steadfastness of purpose, her loyalty to her convictions of truth and duty, her fervent piety, and her consistent Christian life, all combined to emphasize the words of exhortation or of admonition which fell from her beloved lips, and to leave an impress upon many of those who gathered about her which time can never efface. Utterly unconscious of self, she spoke with a directness which went straight to the heart, and roused the noblest and best aspirations of which it is capable. Her prayers were tender, trustful, earnest, and full of longing desire, both for herself and for others, to better exemplify the graces of a Christian womanhood. She coveted earnestly the best gifts, and besought others to try to realize, in their daily living, their own highest and most enlightened ideals of what the Christian life should be.

In all the benevolent work of the church and of the community, and in much work of the same sort of a more private nature, she engaged most heartily, and she was a frequent and most welcome visitor in many wretched homes, into which, had it not been for

her kindly ministrations, but little of happiness or of comfort might ever have entered. Not only did she bestow material comforts upon these needy ones, but she gave them freely of her sympathy and counsel as well, and spoke to them tenderly and lovingly of the Friend whose messenger she was, and whose fatherly care extends even to the least and humblest of the children of men. She showed wonderful tact in the manner of approaching these lowly ones, and making herself familiar with their needs; and many of them entertained for her a sincere and reverent admiration, and are to-day among her truest mourners.

Witnessing in many of these homes the woeful ravages of strong drink, Mrs. Palmer was confirmed in her convictions as to the Christian duty of abstinence therefrom, and interested herself, so far as her time permitted, in the practical workings of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of this city.

Not only in these humbler homes, but everywhere, the same glad welcome awaited her coming. Her rare smile, gracious words, kindly courtesy, and self-forgetful interest, will never be forgotten, but will abide with us as sweet memories of one who showed herself truly a queen among women. She entered heartily into the joyous festivities of the various family circles, and her presence at such gatherings was always an added charm. And in the days of sorrow and bereavement, her gentle ministrations brought hope and comfort to many a grief-stricken home. Hers was truly

"A heart at leisure from itself  
To soothe and sympathize,"

as many, into whose lot have come some of life's darker experiences, will gratefully testify.

Lovely though Mrs. Palmer's character appeared to those who were associated with her in Christian work, or who met her socially from time to time, a still more exalted opinion of her worth was held by those who knew her in the intimacy of her home. A devoted wife and mother, a kind and considerate mistress, a hospitable and charming hostess, she made life at the parsonage an ideally happy one; and even the casual visitor within its friendly portals carried away with him sweet memories of her Christian courtesy, and a hearty admiration of her many noble qualities of mind and heart.

The poor, the stranger, and those without home ties were made especially welcome, and many who were in trouble or perplexity of mind, found in Mrs. Palmer's never failing sympathy and strong common sense both comfort and strength.

Though the immediate family circle remained unbroken until a few short weeks ago, the loss of near and dear ones repeated saddened the hearts of its members. The most recent of these be-

reavements was the death of Mr. Barnes, in February last, after a painful and protracted illness. Mrs. Palmer was in almost constant attendance at her father's bedside, notwithstanding the fact that her own physical condition imperatively demanded rest and quiet. Conceiving that her duty lay in this filial service, with her usual self-abnegation, she calmly postponed the consideration of her own critical state, until her loving care should be no longer needed. That sorrowful day came at length, and the beloved father was no more. While yet in the first freshness of her grief for him, she was obliged to face her own mortal peril and to plan for heroic treatment at the hands of one of New York's most skillful physicians. Full well she knew the awful possibilities involved in the step she was about to take. But when the hour of trial came, she went calmly and bravely forth to meet it, her cheerful bearing and undaunted courage exciting the unbounded admiration of those who beheld them. The ultimate issue of that fateful hour is only too well known. Back to the desolate home the loved one was tenderly borne; and the gloom which shrouded the hearts of the inmates extended over an entire city as well. Universal grief prevailed and when the last sad honors were paid to the beloved dead, a vast number of persons of all ages and of every walk in life gathered to do homage to the memory of her whose life had won their most profound respect. Sweet recollections of that sacred hour will ever abide with those who loved her. The great numbers, the strong undercurrent of deep feeling, the beautiful evidences of affectionate remembrance, the tenderly appreciative words of the speaker, and the manifest grief of the multitudes who lovingly gazed upon the face of the dead, were a magnificent tribute to the worth of her who lay so silent in their midst.

Who shall say that such a life was not complete? Or who will limit the power for good of a thoroughly consecrated Christian womanhood? "She, being dead, yet speaketh" to us of its grand possibilities; and shall we not be truly wise if we heed the teachings of that spirit voice?



## MRS. PALMER'S CONNECTION WITH THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF BRIDGEPORT.

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A Paper by Miss H. Hawley, Secretary.

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We, the members of this Society, meet to-day with tearful eyes and sorrowing hearts, over the loss of our beloved President, our sweet and precious friend, Mrs. Charles Ray Palmer, whose presence among us we can welcome no more. Our efforts seem paralyzed, we stand amazed before this inscrutable Providence, and our cry is, "What shall we do?" "What does this mean to each one of us?"

We have, for so many years, looked to her, depended upon her, followed her wise and gentle lead, that now we feel bereft indeed. Our only help is in the Lord in whom she trusted, who will enable us to say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed in Thy sight." Our dear Mrs. Palmer was among the first of a few ladies who organized the Bridgeport Auxiliary of the Woman's Board of Missions, and largely through her influence this Society was organized in November, 1872.

Mrs. Palmer was its first President, which office she held without interruption until her death. Rarely was she absent from the meetings during these more than fifteen years. We remember with what dignity and grace she presided, what zeal and enthusiasm she inspired, of her hope and cheerfulness amid discouragements, of her lofty aims, of her unswerving devotion to the cause from the very first to the very last.

How we shall miss her loving presence in our meetings, her cordial greeting, her sweet voice in song and in prayer.

We know of her great love for foreign missions, we know how very carefully and how prayerfully her plans were matured for every meeting, with what wise tact she enlisted others in the work. We remember her earnest pleading look at any sign of wavering interest on the part of any, with what jealous care she watched the gifts into the treasury, asking so often, "What more can we do to increase the interest and to increase the contributions?" And she felt such an anxiety that a larger number should share in the

duties and privileges of this work, many times has she been heard to say: "Oh, for more workers, more earnest willing ones to take a part in the meetings,"

She believed in the power of prayer, and of much prayer; prayer for guidance in the exercises of the hour; prayer for a blessing to follow the meeting, prayer to accompany the gifts, prayer for the dear missionaries and their work,—how vividly do we recall her most earnest petitions.

The annual meetings were marked days in our calendar, when Mrs. Palmer took special pains to prepare a programme of varied interest, when missionaries were invited to speak, so that in the past years we have had visits from a large number of missionary sisters, nearly all of whom were most cordially entertained by Mrs. Palmer in her own home. She loved them every one. Among the last things that she did before leaving us, was to arrange the order of exercises for the next meeting which should occur after she had gone. And for the young ladies' and children's circles she constantly manifested a deep and loving interest, aiding and encouraging them, appreciating every effort, and noting with so much pleasure their advance as Christian workers in the cause so dear. In other branches of the foreign work, she ever took a vital interest. In Mrs. Walker's Home for missionaries' children, in Lundita Ramabai's work for the child widows in India, in writing letters of comfort and cheer to the missionaries, in suggesting ways and means of aiding and relieving them,—in all this she was untiring.

Auxiliaries and mission circles have been organized through her influence, and many in other towns have been stimulated and encouraged by her affectionate words. Truly it was a delightful privilege for us to work with her; it was like sitting together in heavenly places. We thank God for her life, for her work, for her blessed example. May her sudden death, in the midst of great usefulness, avail to our growth in holiness, to our united and consecrated effort to more diligence and self-sacrifice in the work which she inaugurated, and which is now made sacred by the tender associations of her connection with it. We shall still hear her voice in accents clear, bidding us to persevere and be faithful, and we will try to follow her in the shining way which leads from work on earth to the glory and reward of heaven.

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,  
Sweet spirit, rest thee now;  
E'en while on earth thy footsteps trod,  
His seal was on thy brow."

## IN MEMORIAM.

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A PAPER BY MRS. E. K. McLELLAN.

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“Sorrows humanize our race;  
Tears are the showers that fertilize this world;  
And memory of things precious keepeth warm  
The heart that once did hold them.  
They are poor  
That have lost nothing—they are poorer far  
Who losing, have forgotten—they most poor  
Of all, who lose, and wish they might forget :  
For life is one, and in its warp and woof  
There runs a thread of gold, that glitters fair,  
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet  
When there are sombre colors. It is true  
That we have wept. But, O! this thread of gold,  
We would not have it tarnish, let us turn  
Oft, and look back upon the wondrous web,  
And when it shineth sometimes,  
We shall know that memory is possession.”

We are gathered, friends, to-day to open and tenderly turn the leaves of a book of remembrance. As one by one the pages from Memory's store have unfolded, what rare beauty has been revealed, as the annals of this, a beautiful life, have been rehearsed. How grateful we have felt, what sad pleasure has been ours, as, leaf after leaf being reviewed, it has been our privilege to find here and there, upon this page or that, our life page has touched this one now so sacred to our memory, and our record been blended with hers. How exceedingly precious, beyond the telling, has been this privilege to some of you, when for days, weeks and months, every day's transcript showed something of personal relation with her. We have heard something of this, much is too sacred to share. And we, who can only read here and there lines running parallel with our life lines, feel how precious is the memory of each and every one, and we know we shall cherish these remembrances, and reverently thank the Heavenly Father for the gift of this life in our midst, for all it has been to us of incentive and inspiration, as long as memory lasts. How hard it is for us to realize, and how our

hearts ache and our tears fall as the sad truth is forced upon us that the book with its beautiful pages is ended, the last leaf written, and the seal of death set upon the record.

“ ‘ Who plucked the rose ? ’ said the gardener,  
As he walked through the garden fair,  
His servants answered, ‘ The Master, ’  
And the gardener held his peace.”

To-day we meet, friends, as workers in a great cause mourning our Leader. As we come to this place so full of blessed memories our hearts almost fail us, as we miss the radiant face, the beaming eye, the loving smile of welcome, the sweet winning voice of her who for so many years has been the life and inspiration in this our work for Foreign Missions. The Master came and called her, and we feel we must “ Be still, and know that He is God.” We have brought here the flowers of affection, we have mingled here our tears of sympathy in a common sorrow, we have broken the alabaster box of love for this our loved President, and yet we feel the measure of our affectionate grief is not stayed, nor yet have we done all honor to the blessed memory of Mrs. Palmer.

If from that room of pain and sickness, whence her pure spirit took its flight, if from the presence of her Master to-day, where

“ Her forehead is starred  
With the beauty that dwelt in her soul ;  
Where the light of her loveliness cannot be marred,  
Nor her heart be flung back from its goal.”

If she could send to us a message to-day, do you doubt what it would be ? Can we not almost hear her own voice say : “ Oh Friends, on, on with the work of sending the gospel to all lands, stop not, rest not, until all shall know the Lord ! ”

O how wide were her sympathies in this work ! China, Japan, Africa, and the Isles of the sea were all to her, her Savior's inheritance, and she His co-laborer to help possess it in his name.

Shall we not then honor her to-day, as she herself would choose to be honored, by making a new consecration of ourselves to the cause so dear to her, this of Foreign Missions, giving to it more of unselfish work, more of self denial, more of earnest prayer, following her as she followed the Master ? Last of all, shall we make a “ memorial ” gift to-day—giving of our substance, as God has blessed us, such a thank offering as shall show something of all she has been to us, and as such shall send in her name, into the dark places of the earth, the light of the gospel of Jesus Christ ?

What greater tribute of affection can we render, than to give so largely, so liberally, that in far away countries, lips that have never breathed the name of Jesus, may, through this tribute, learn “ how

sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer's ear," and through our loving memorial to her; learn to know of her God, and to whisper her name in grateful love.

Is it too much to think, we who believe in God, the loving Father, and in His Son, our Saviour, that giving liberally to this memorial, another book of remembrance may be opened in her name and that she, through this offering, reaching across the seas, may welcome beyond the pearly gate some, who now in heathen lands know not of Jesus? If there be "joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth," surely we shall add to her joy, even in the blessed Paradise of God, when she shall greet souls saved through this gift. Do we believe in God and doubt she may, if we make this a thank offering worthy of her, expressive of our appreciation of her life among us? Let this then be our tribute to-day, not alone of flowers that shall wither, or of falling tears, but let us honor Mrs. Palmer by such a large gift as shall send in her name to far away lands, the word of God and the knowledge of Jesus Christ, not forgetting to follow our tribute with earnest prayers that this memorial gift may prove life unto life to many precious souls, and in the great Harvest Home we may all rejoice together.

Shall we all have a share in this gift to-day, and a share in its blessings, and surely we may all feel if she can look down upon us here to-day, in this place so dear to her—and who of us can say, she does not?—we may feel her loving heart breathe this benediction over us, "Truly ye have honored not only me, but our Lord and Master."



## ADDRESS OF MRS. BURDETT HART,

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President New Haven Branch, W. B. M.

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You do well, dear friends, to set apart this memorial hour, for one whose life has touched and warmed so many other lives. Our Lord promised that those who served him, should be honored by the Father. It must be right that we, in our humble way, should give due honor to such. In our loss and sorrow, we are made near of kin; and may have something of family freedom in our heart-revealings here to-day. Yet, in this presence, looking into faces so pathetic with tenderness, what and how can one speak? Hearts that are full do not so easily overflow in rounded words as in liquid drops.

"Dear Mrs. Palmer" comes to our lips, and then we pause! Dearly loved by every one here to-day, and by how many more, who would love to be here!

What was the *charm* by which our friend so won and held us in life, and by which she shall live in our hearts as the years go by?

She was a rare woman, in many ways; not one of many, but an "elect lady," a Mary of the Marys, one of the few, to be an increasing number, we believe, from the many daughters in the ranks, who rise up to call her blessed." Her personality was so winsome and magnetic that she was sure of a follow-

ing on whatever line of Christian work she might lead. A most womanly woman was our friend, so modest, that she would gladly have carried forward her multiform charities without observation, had it been possible. The able paper just read fairly indicates how many-sided were her activities, but the half cannot yet be told of a life whose steady current carried blessings on a thousand little streams of beneficence, some of them out of sight. In every good cause she was interested, but shrank from prominence in any of them. This appeared when she declined to serve as President of the New Haven Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions, and later when refusing the same office in the "Home Missionary Union of Connecticut." But have we yet found the chief charm, referred to above? It is said of Whitefield that "the hiding of his strength was in his *love* power." So of our friend, in her womanly sphere. Her "love power" was well nigh boundless. No trait was more marked in her rare personality than her large affectionateness, and this was not concealed, repressed or reserved for special occasions, as is sometimes the case. She could be dignified when necessary; she could not be indifferent nor distant. Was there anything conventional in her manner of greeting you?

Now *love* expressed or understood, is a factor in Christian work, more helpful if expressed. It lubricates the machinery of organizations when applied, and smooths rough places. We claim further that if any of us, unlike our friend, find that nature walled in our hearts, we may make these walls transparent, so



that the love will shine through, by keeping the heavenward window wide open. One writes of Mrs. Palmer, "She helped and cheered us more than she knew, and will continue to help us, for are they not all ministering spirits?"

Best of all, our friend had a real passion for saving souls, born of consecration to Christ and His service, and this is only saying that the love we have spoken of, was heaven-kindled, like the holy fire on the altar of the Hebrew tabernacle, and like that was ever burning. Souls for whom Christ died, at home and far away, everywhere, were precious to her, and needed her help.

If you can excuse what seems too personal to myself, I might perhaps best show you these traits, as they were impressed upon me one day, seven years ago, in her home. That day, March 2d, 1881, will not soon be forgotten. For a year the Annual Report of our Branch had only a blank at the head of the officers' page. After mature deliberation, our Executive Committee sent me officially to Bridgeport, in the hope that Mrs. Palmer might be persuaded to accept the nomination as our president. Her abounding courage, exuberant health, and broad, intelligent interest in our work, added to the qualities already named, seemed to us all, fitted to make her the tower of strength we needed. We knew the young ladies would rally around her, hold up her hands and supplement her enthusiasm with their own. I took an early morning train, full of hope that I was about to do my best service for the New Haven Branch. I was met at the outset with the modest question, "How

could you have thought of me for this place?" It was easy to reply that when leaving the Philadelphia Branch and asked to suggest my successor, I had named Mrs. Ray Palmer, who spent a day with me in my home, in deciding to accept, and now it was quite natural to turn to another Mrs. Palmer for this vacancy. The whole morning was spent in stating, arguing and summing up the case. There was no evading of points made by either side. Mrs. P. admitted that some departments of her work could be passed to others, but with deep emotion, she said she could not give up the spiritual labor for individuals with whom she was in daily contact, and could allow nothing to supersede this. Then I felt anew the secret of her interest in the world-wide work for the lost, near and far off. The season of prayer that followed, revealed her heart more and more. With entire self-surrender, she committed her way to the Master, whose guidance she habitually followed.

After that prayer, I was sure she would be led aright. It only remained in the afternoon that the question should be laid before her natural adviser, and, as it proved, her protector. Through him I learned of more varied burdens than Mrs. Palmer had mentioned, and it was easy to detect a felt danger that her strength might be overtaxed. Time was taken to weigh the proposition, and you need not be told it was conscientiously declined. But more and more we continued to depend upon her varied service, especially in our public meetings.

We must not wholly overlook the sweet patience with which Mrs. Palmer bore herself under repeated

trials. The heavenly chariot came very near her again and again, in these late years, bearing away the parents only one remove from her own, and her very own also. A brief extract from a letter written very soon after her own mother went home, in '82, may be using her own words to comfort us "with the comfort wherewith she herself was comforted of God":

"We have peculiar cause for thanksgiving in having *had* such a mother all these years, and that *without the decline* of a single power, but in the *very height of usefulness and honor*. She has received the fulness of the promises in the presence of her Savior. How can we mourn for her? But left a while longer this side of the veil we do want to strive for the abundant entrance promised to the faithful servant. The precious mother will not return to us, but we shall go to her in fullness of joy."

Since the dear father followed so lately, her expressions have been still more emphatic, in regard to the blessed reunions, not far distant for herself.

Others have referred to the heroism with which she met her final ordeal, through which she went peacefully into the joy of her Lord.

While we remember her here, we cannot think she wholly forgets us, for neither her memory nor her affection can have suffered loss in the translation to a perfect life. Beloved, it remains for us to imitate her radiant example of a whole hearted life for Christ and His cause. This memorial hour should hold for us somewhat more than mingled memories—than comfort, even in our grief and loss. It should give us new inspiration. Could the sweet voice, we so miss to-day, reach us from out the clear heavens,

she would bid us mourn, not for her in the world of light, but for those who sit in darkness and have no light, who have never heard the name of her Redeemer, who will never "see the King in His beauty" as she does now, unless we speed the gospel story with redoubled diligence.



## FROM MRS. N. E. GLEASON.

Vice-President New Haven Branch W. B. M. for Fairfield County.

DARIEN, CONN., April 29, 1888.

*My Dear Friend:—*

How good and thoughtful in you to write, and tell me of dear Mrs. Palmer's death. Oh, how you will miss her constantly. She was such a lovely Christian that no one could but rejoice to be associated with her. I shall always thank God that I have known her, and been permitted to work near her. I never saw her come into one of our county meetings, but I felt stronger and better; her face was an inspiration, her voice so beautiful, her spirit so Christ like. It seems to me now that no other county meeting can be the same, for we shall all miss her prayers which I feel sure were made for the success of every such gathering. But we only sorrow for our own loss, let us rejoice that Our Father gave her to us and His work, and that he permitted her to do so much for His cause in Bridgeport, in our County and State, and throughout the whole earth. I think of her now as rejoicing with them in Heaven, whom she influenced for the Master, and of some from heathen lands who through her prayers and gifts, were led to meet her there. Let us try and conceive a little of her joy. I can understand how much you all lost when she was absent from your meetings, for just so the disciples mourned when the Savior left them to go to His Father. But what devoted laborers they evermore were after the ascension.

And so I feel that her spirit will always be felt in your meetings, and that her death will be greatly blessed to your Auxiliary. God, who sees the end from the beginning, will raise up other devoted ones to carry on the blessed work which she, with so much wisdom and grace, organized. She was a remarkable woman to plan out such a missionary work for so many young people as she interested in your many Mission Circles. It seems to me no one else could have done that.

I rejoice that God gives to all their talents, and that no one can do the work of another; that personal influence must go

on through all eternity. Mrs. Palmer's work will never be finished even in this world ; it must continue on, influencing souls till time shall end. As you wrote : " She being dead, yet speaketh." Out from this bewilderment you will all come purified, and made more fit for the Master's use. Don't you know you have sometimes written that you wished you could report more interest and devotion in the work on the part of your members ? God will use this dear sister's death, to fulfill these desires, for does not He desire these results more than even she did ? But, Oh ! she was so beautiful and lovely, and we wanted her so much, but He had need for her above, and so we will, yes, gladly say, " Thy will be done."

Sincerely yours,

N. E. GLEASON.



## FROM MISS MARY E. ANDREWS, MISSIONARY TO CHINA.

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CLEVELAND, OHIO, May 14, 1888.

*Dear Sisters in the Lord's Work:—*

As you gather with sad hearts next Friday, for your memorial services, I shall be with you in heart, although so far away, and I feel like sending you a line of loving sympathy in your sorrow, and of tender remembrance of the loved one, whom the Lord has called home. Your sorrow is my sorrow, for your loved leader I counted as a dear friend, though I have never had the opportunity of knowing her so intimately as you have done through the years past.

Very pleasant memories cluster around two little visits made in her delightful home years ago, after my first return to the homeland. But the most of our intercourse has been through letters. Very welcome and precious her letters have been to me all through the years since I first began to know and love her, bright, cheery letters, seeming always to bring a gleam of sunshine with them, always filled, too, with the help and comfort, which kindly, loving words can give.

To-day, as I think of her, in the new blessed life into which she has entered, seeing the Lord Jesus, and made like Him, there came to me two little words left us by one unto whom it was given to look into that life beyond, and tell to others what he saw,—“His servants shall serve Him.” “They serve Him day and night in His temple.” The words seem to me to open such wonderful vistas, into the possibilities of that life. Not idleness, but service,—glad, restful, blessed service for Him whom we love, service without mistakes, without weariness or need of resting, in the light and joy of the Lord's own presence.

Dear Mrs. Palmer was so deeply and heartily interested in all good work in the Master's work everywhere. Surely now that she has come into this new oneness with Him, seeing and understanding his thought and plan as we here cannot, she is not the less interested in His work here. May it not be that she carries still in her heart those interests which were so dear to her here. May it not be that even in her old lines of work, in her home, in her

church and Sunday School, her missionary work, she is doing more and better service now than when she was here among us. God knows. He carries in His great heart of love, all the interests he has taught us to love, and will surely see that they lack nothing.

God comfort the aching hearts in her lonely home. God comfort you dear sisters, and help you all, with a fresh consecration to take up the work she loved, looking forward to the time when we too shall join the band of workers beyond, to do better service for the Master whose we are, and whom we serve even here.

Yours with loving sympathy,

MARY E. ANDREWS.





FROM MRS. E. H. WALKER, OF THE SCHOOL  
FOR MISSIONARIES' CHILDREN.

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AUBURNDALE, May 9, 1888.

*My Dear Miss Sanderson : —*

Thursday evening I read in the *Congregationalist* the notice of Mrs. Palmer's death. I was at first bewildered, and read it again, and I could read it but one way. Could it be? Yes, it was! Dear Mrs. Palmer, one of the best friends to me in my work, and I have thought much and continually of the great bereavement to her husband and children, and to her large circle of relatives and friends, and to her people. Many of my helpers in my care for missionary children have been called to the heavenly home during the last two years, and I have felt weakened and depressed as one after another has dropped out from the ranks, but they were elderly people—all—and could not have remained many years. For this I was not prepared. Oh, how I prize her sweet words of interest, her efforts in bringing my work to the knowledge of others, who gave money for the work's sake and for her sake. A little more than a year since I received, through her influence, more than \$100, from the Clinton Avenue Church, Brooklyn. It seemed to give her genuine pleasure to have money to send to me, and this aid has had an untold influence. It is world-wide. No child whom we have helped to education and comfortable living has proved unworthy or recreant. Many are missionaries, others are occupying positions of Christian influence in many States in our own country. The letters which I receive from one and another, make me thankful that I have lived to do something in this behalf, and I am thankful for the precious friendships of kindred, Christian, generous hearts. I shall be with you in spirit, on the afternoon appointed, and my prayers then and now ascend to Him who makes no mistakes, that He will comfort all who are stricken.

Very sincerely yours,

ELIZA HARDING WALKER.

PRESS OF  
THE MARIGOLD PRINTING CO.,  
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.











